A LETTER from the FRENCH KING TO THE GREAT TURK,

Lamenting the woful Loſs of his Noble FLEET, and earneſtly requiring his *preſent Aſſiſtance.*

With the Grand Seignior's ANSWER.

2. June. 1692. A Sham upon them.

Moſt dear Brother;

PAR Dieu, I am undone, undone for ever; and bloodily afraid, that our *good Cauſe* (which we have jointly carried on ſo long) will now (on a ſudden) fall to the Ground: For, alas, alas, I muſt let you know, that my *Invincible Armado* hath moſt unhappily rancounter'd with an *Engliſh Drake*, who hath publickly evinc'd, to the unlooking World, That *I can be Over-come.* O wo, wo to me! what ſhall I do? I ſhake and tremble, I quake with a panick Fear; and the Violence of Paſſion, at the firſt receiving of this amazing Diſaſter, hath again occaſion'd the tormenting *Fiſtula* in my diſtreſſed *Ano.* What ſhall I do? what ſhall I do? I'm undone, undone, undone, every where beſet with implacable Enemies, and my utter Ruin is nigh at hand. Enraged *Neptune* doth diſtract me at Sea, and thundering *Mars* affrights me at Land. From Abroad I'm ſtrangely terrify'd with the very thoughts of my *formidable Adverſaries*; and at Home I continually dread the riſing of the *unruly Mob.* To all which add, that my Ghoſtly Father at *Rome*, hath long ago declared me a Baſtard, and ſays, *That I no ways belong to the Holy See.*

In ſhort, I'm forſaken both by God and Man! I have pray'd to S. *Denis* twice, but he hath not heard me; and S. *Ignatius* (I think) is fallen aſleep. All my *Beads* and *Gaudes* do now avail me nothing; and a thouſand *Ave Maries* are ſaid, but all in vain.

Thus (my deareſt Brother) I do let you know of theſe my perplexing Circumſtances, beſeeching you (for the ſake of *Mahomet's Sleeve*) to aſſiſt me now in this my greateſt Extremity.

Great Sir;

I need not tell you that my Enemies are alſo yours, and that yours are truly mine. I beg it of you, that you would be pleaſed to cauſe your great *Muſti* grant me the benefit of his Prayers; and that in all haſte imaginable he would diſpatch ſome Lamenting Pilgrim to the famous *Mecca*, to ſalute in my Name the ſplendid Sepulchre of your great Prophet, aſſuring him of my faithful Allegiance for the future, and that henceforth I will no longer act the part of an Hypocrite, (that being in all probability ſome Cauſe of my preſent Ruine) but will publickly own his noble Principles, and that in the Face of the Sun, ſtill carrying before my marching Armies, a glittering *Creſcent*, with the following Motto, *In hoc vince*; and (to the utmoſt of my Power) I will propagate the Holy *Alcoran* through the Weſtern Parts of the Heretical World. I need not tell you of my fervent Zeal to that meritorious Work, you being fully convinc'd thereof long ago. I am not able to write one Word more at preſent, becauſe exceſſive Grief overwhelms my drooping Spirit: Therefore (my deareſt Brother) I do, again and again, requeſt your preſent Aſſiſtance. And expecting an Anſwer with the firſt convenience, do ſubſcribe my ſelf,

(Great *SIR*)

Your greatly afflicted Brother,

Louis le Grand.

Be pleaſed to direct for me at Valenciennes, *at the Sign of the* Lion above the Flower de Lis, *lodging with the Counteſs of* Bourbon, *one of my* Seraglio.

A *Copy* of the *Grand Seignior*'s ANSWER to the *French King*'s LETTER, sent to him in all haste by the Flying Post.

Dear and disconsolate Brother;

I Have received your Lamenting Letter by the foresaid Post, and am heartily sorry at your woful present Circumstances; but assure your self, that I will truly Assist you to the utmost of my Power. And that you may be fully convinced of my Sympathy with your sad Condition, I do hereby give you my Royal Word, that for three Days to come I will abstain from being Drunk with *Claret Wine*. And that my great Concern for you may farther appear, I'le command a publick Fast to be kept through all my Dominions, strictly charging my dutiful Subjects, that (when they'r best at leasure) they may consecrate at least half a Day for publick Mourning and Humiliation; enjoining a severe Penance on any Person who will dare to eat Meat twice before Dinner that day. And to avoid all sign of Joy or Rejoicing whatsoever, I'le promise you, that (during our Humiliation) no *Bell* shall be toll'd in any of my Sacred *Mosques*. And, finally, for your farther Comfort, I am fully resolv'd to denounce open War against the great Kingdom of *China*, and that because it doth so abound with that nauseous Fruit called *Oranges*, a Fruit most detestable to your Sacred Palat.

But since all this (though very great Comfort indeed) doth not answer the chief End of your Epistle, (it being present Assistance you want) I do hereby let you know, that in that Point I'le fully satisfy you also. *Courage, courage*, Brother, there's no fear; Are not you *Louis le Grand*, and I *Seignior le Grand?* the Devil's in't if we maul not the Rogues now. Your Personal Valour hath founded all the World over; pray therefore rouse up your self now at this Time, a Time of so great Danger to our Sacred Cause: Come, come (Brother) chear up your musing Mind, and fear nothing at all. It's true, you want both Ships and Money at present; and what then? can't I furnish you with both? Yes truly, and I will do it. You know (Brother) I designed to have done great Things upon the *Danube* this Summer, but that devilish Pass near *Orsowa*, hath utterly ruin'd my Design. Now seeing that it is so, I can freely spare you my whole Fleet of *Barks* and *Boats*, (especially those that your shallow Seas can well admit of) whereby you may be able, not only to re-ingage, but (I hope) also to defeat your Enemies: Therefore I desire, that upon the receiving of this my Letter, you will cause instantly dispatch an Express to your Royal Harbour at *Barfleur*, commanding three of your best Ships (namely, the *Royal Sun*, the *Conquerant* and *Admirable*) to meet my Fleet at the *Straits* Mouth, and from thence to conduct them safe to the English Channel; and then if we chance only to get but one sight of the Rogues, the Day will certainly be our own, I'le warrant it; yea, (*par ma foy & en verité*) I can take my Oath upon it. As for Money (Brother) fear not, I'le furnish you with your own *Luidores*, with which you formerly gifted me in so great Abundance: Pray fear not, you shall have true French Gold, and that as much as I can spare. You tell me, in a most tragical manner, that you are ruin'd both by Sea and Land; your whole Kingdom being in a dreadful Consternation at present, and the greatest part of your Fleet either sunk or burnt; so that Earth, Water and Fire, do seem all at once to fight against you. What then (Brother) have you forgot all your Philosophy? Are there not four Elements? make hast therefore, and fly speedily to the *Prince* of the *Air*, and betake your self to his Royal Protection, and presently establish a firm League, Offensive and Defensive, with him; I say, do it presently before he hear of all your Disasters, lest then he be unwilling to consent unto it. Make haste, and quickly dispatch your great Trustee the *D.* of *Luxenburgh*, his good Friend and old Acquaintance; for if any Man in the World prevail, it will be him. I desire to be a Member of that Noble Confederacy my self; so that being Three in Number, I hope we shall prove the Invincible *Triumviri*. But, pray observe one thing, that we must both give the precedence to this our great Friend: But to comfort you (Brother) by all means you shall sit next to him; so that in your Imperial Dets, our Royal Writs shall be thus superscrib'd,

Lucifer le Grand, Louis le Grand, Seignior le Grand,

Every one *Le Grand*. Are not these confounding *Titles*, enough to conquer the World it self, suppose we never strike a Stroke? Yes truly, and that without any Miracle too. Assure your self therefore of a most glorious *Triumph* over all your perplexing Foes, which is the constant Prayer and hearty Wish of,

MONSIEUR,

Votre tres cher Ami & Frere,

Le Grand Seignior.

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